



TANCHWA YN CILFYNYDD.

279 WEDI EU LLADD.

Prydnawn Sadwrn, Mehefin 23, 1894, ychwanegwyd un arall at rhestr hir tanchwaoedd Deheudir Cymru. Saif Pwll yr Albion, Cilfynydd, oddeutu dwy filldir oddiwrth Pontypridd. Agorwyd y pwll yn 1887, a chyflogid oddeutu 1,600 o weithwyr yno. Pan oedd y gweithwyr nos i lawr yn dilyn eu goruchwylion, oddeutu pedwar o'r gloch, clywyd ergyd caled iawn, a gwelwyd colofn o fwg yn esgyn o'r pwll. Credid ar y cyntaf fod un o'r boilers tanddaearol wedi myned, ond cyn hir gwelwyd mai rhywbeth mwy difrifol ydoedd. Aeth parti i lawr ar unwaith i wneyd ymchwiliad, ac yn mhen dwy awr cafodd un-ar byntheig eu codi yn fyw. Bu farw naw o honynt wedi hyny. Credir fod 279 wedi eu lladd. Cafodd 11 en claddu heb wybod pwy oeddnt. Nid oes un wybodaeth am'achos y taniad.

Eto, mae yr angel creulon

Wedi disgyn ar ein gwlad,

Ac y mae yn agos dri chant

'Nawr yn gorwedd dan ei draed ;

Tref Cilfynydd sydd yn wylo

Dan yr ergyd sydyn, drom,

Gwragedd, a phlant bach amddifad

Cwyno maent y foment hon.

Gweithwyr Albion gartref aethant
 Prydnawn Sadwrn, oll yn llon,
 Gweithwyr nos aeth lawr yn gynar
 Heb un ofn dan eu bron ;
 Ond yn sydyn dyma ergyd
 Yn adgrynu drwy'r holl dref,
 Ac mae cwmwl-aw ac araf
 Yn ymestyn tua'r nef.

Beth sy'n bod ? A'i Tanchwa eto ?
 Yn rhy wir yr oedd y gair,
 A wnawd brys i fyn'd i edrych
 Beth a wnaeth yr ergyd taer ;
 Ar ben y pwll bu torf yn aros
 Tra yr oriau'n araf ffoi
 Gwragedd, plant, a pherthynasau
 Yn nglwm galar wedi eu cloi.

Daew rai yn do i fyny,
 Wedi llosgi, ond yn fyw,
 Os daw pawb i fyny'n ddiogel
 Mawr y clod a fydd i Dduw !
 "Un-ar-bymtheg gafodd ddiane,
 Marw yw y lleill i gyd."
 O ! mor brudd y fath newyddion
 Rhoddwyd i synedig fyd.

Daeth ymchwilwyr 'nol i adrodd
 Am y ddifrod welsant hwy,
 Ac i adrodd am y meirwon
 Yno'n gorwedd dan eu clwy' ;
 Gwnaeth y tân a'r tawch eu gwaethaf,
 Gan ddinystrio ar bob llaw,
 Dyma frwydr a enillwyd
 Eto gan erch Frenin Braw !

Trwy y nos bu dyfal weithio,
 A thra'r haul yn codi'n llon,
 Dim ond cyrff yn d'od i fyny !—
 Pryd un Sul mor brudd â hon ?
 Gwragedd yno'n ofnus wylu,
 Am anwyliaid wedi myn'd ;
 Duw y Nef fo'n gysur iddynt,
 Cadarn noddfa, ac yn ffrynd.

EXPLOSION AT CILFYNYDD.

279 KILLED.

On Saturday afternoon, June 23, 1894, another was added to the terrible list of explosions in the South Wales Coalfield. The Albion Colliery is situated at Cilfynydd, about two miles from Pontypridd. The pit was opened in 1887, and about 1,600 men are employed therein. The repairers had descended to their work in the afternoon, when, about four o'clock, a tremendous report was heard, and a vast column of smoke was seen ascending from the shaft. At first it was believed that an underground boiler had burst, but it was soon known that something more serious had happened. An exploring party descended in about half an hour, and two hours later, signals were given that men were to be brought up. Sixteen men, very badly injured, were brought up—nine of whom died shortly after. It is believed that 279 have succumbed to the effects of the explosion and afterdamp. Considerable damage has been done to the pit, and extensive falls have been observed. Luckily the fan was not injured, so the ventilating arrangements are complete. The bodies raised are mostly very sadly injured, showing the force of the explosion to be very great. No cause for the accident has yet been found, but some authorities ascribe it to either shot-firing or coal dust. 11 bodies were buried unidentified.

Once again the cruel angel
Has descended on our land,
And nearly three hundred victims
Have been vanquished by his hand ;
At Cilfynydd there is weeping
'Neath this sudden cruel blow,
Wives and children are lamenting
For their loved ones thus laid low

From the Albion Pit the colliers
Had departed on that day,
The repairers had descended,
Each had gone a different way ;
Suddenly a sound of terror
Shakes the ground with mighty blow,
Whilst a cloud of smoke to heaven
From the shaft does slowly go

What is wrong ? 'Tis an Explosion !
 Ah ! too true this woeful tale ;
 Haste was made to give assistance,
 From this task did no one quail ;
 At the pit-head crowds were waiting,
 While the hours went slowly by.
 And the tear of grief and sorrow
 Gently flowed from weeping eye.

Now some men are gently brought up,
 Badly burnt, but still alive—
 If they all could be safe rescued
 How our hearts with joy would thrive !
 " Sixteen men have come back safely,
 But the rest, we fear, are dead."

Oh ! this news of grief and horror
 Bows with sorrow every head.

Back the rescuers are coming
 Bringing news of dread and woe—
 Heaps of dead men, torn and battered,
 Piled together liked the snow ;
 For the fire and deadly gases
 Full destruction now have done—
 All these had been fought and vanquished
 Ere had set the evening sun.

All the night saw toil and labour,
 And when rose the sun that day,
 Corpses there in endless number
 Caused each heart to feel dismay ;
 Wives were weeping and lamenting
 For their loved ones lying dead.
 May the Lord cause peace and comfort
 To descend on every head.